By Mr Wilkes.

To a LADY, who ſung in too low a [redacted].

WHEN beauteous *Mira*'s gentle voice
Divides the yielding air,
Fix'd on her lips, the falt'ring ſounds
Exceſs of joy declare.

There ling'ring round the roſy gate,
They view their fragrant cell,
Unwilling to depart that mouth,
Where all the Graces dwell.

Some tuneful accents ſtrike the ſenſe
With ſoft imperfect ſound,
While thouſand others die within,
In their own honey drown'd.

Yet thro' this cloud diſtinct and clear
Sweet ſenſe directs it's dart,
And while it ſeems to ſhun the ear,
Strikes full upon the heart.

To *MIRA*, on NEW YEAR'S DAY. 1761.

By Mr W.

REVOLVING years add, *Mira*, to your charms,
And bolder throbs my pulſe to love's alarms;
Yet ſhall thoſe heav'nly charms at laſt decay,
And this my ſprightly pulſe forget to play:
Then wiſely let me all my hours employ;
Too ſwift they fly, but be they wing'd with joy.
May *wit* and *beauty* their bleſt pow'rs unite,
Wit rule the day, and *beauty* rule the night:
The pleaſing chaſe may I thro' life purſue,
All day with *Armſtrong*, and all night with *you*.

Two

Two old SIMILES.

By Mr W

AS the Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own,
Has pow'r to take the different hue
Of every thing within his view;
Thus *Lyttelton* awhile by *Pitt*
Appear'd a patriot and a wit;
Stole all the *Grenville*'s ſterling ſenſe,
Stole *Murray*'s art and eloquence;
Was much *admir'd* in ev'ry part,
Tho' ne'er *belov'd*—he ſtole no heart.
Now falſe *Newcaſtle*'s humble tool,
He grows a paraſite, and fool;
Helps out poor *Bower*, when hiſt'ry fails,
To cook up ſtupid, popiſh tales,
With * *Weſt* our holy faith abuſes,
And with the † *Bricklayer* works the MUSES.

* *Gilbert Weſt*, who by his book has made ſome good chriſtians doubt of that great article of our faith the *reſurrection*; as *Lyttelton* by his *letter on the converſion of St. Paul*, made a great divine wiſh that *St. Paul* had never been converted, that ſuch a handle againſt us might not have been given to Infidels by this weak advocate.

† *Henry Jones*, firſt a bricklayer, then a poet, tho' not of a claſs to *build* the lofty ſong.

On two late CONVERSIONS.

HAIL! holy, heavenly convert! *Bower* cries;
Hail! holy, heavenly convert! *Paul* replies:
So two poor rogues, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world, become each others bail.

The TEMPLE of the MUSES.

THE Muſes and Graces to *Phœbus* complain'd;
"That no more on the earth a *Sappho* remain'd,
"That their empire of wit was now at an end,
"And on beauty alone the ſex muſt depend;
"For the men he had giv'n all his fancy and fire;
"Art of healing to *Armſtrong*, as well as his lire."
When *Apollo* reply'd; "To make you amends,
"In one fair you ſhall ſee wit and virtue good friends;
"The *Grecian*'s high ſpirit and ſweetneſs I'll join
"With a true *Roman* virtue, to make it divine:
"Your pride and my boaſt, thus form'd, wou'd you know,
"You muſt viſit the earthly elyzium of *Stow*.

Infamiæ Sacrum.

Hic ſitus eſt
ROBERTUS WALPOLE, Comes Orfordiæ,
Qui ſummo cum conſilio, et nefandâ improbitate,
Patriam in maximo habens odio, et ab eâ jure exoſus,
Deâ Corruptelâ fiſus,
(Numen quod unicum coluit)
Servitutem firmiſſimam, et mores peſſimos,
Omnigenâ expulſâ pietate,
Pro virili inſtituere conatus eſt.

Talem vixiſſe, et ſenem mori, ne mireris, lector:
Socios maximos habuit,
Fratrem *Horatium*, Ducem *Novocaſtrenſem*,
Et omnes reipublicæ hoſtes,
Privatos etiam, et publicos:
Nefas eſt addere,
Cæſarem etiam et *ſenatum*.

Inscription in the church yard of Bala in Wales.

Sacred to the memory

of

Evan Lloyd Clerk A.M.

of this Parish.

born May 2. 1734. dies Jan. 26 1776.

aged 42.

Oh! reader, your friend for ever dear,
His memory claims the tribute of a tear.
In life was joined whatever mankind admire,
Keen wit, strong sense, the poet's, patriot's fire.
Tempered with sentenc'd such gifts were thine,
Such gifts with heart felt anguish we resign.

To Miss Wilkes on her birth-day,
Aug. 16. 1777.

The richest gift you could receive,
The noblest gift today I'd give:
A father's heart I would bestow,
But that you stole it long ago.

On the print of Alderman Sawbridge
the habit of a Roman Tribune.

The Lion's skin in vain he wears
He cannot hide his ass's ears.

Epitaph on Lady Vane's Lap Dog, Fly.

At thirty I had at lovers wept & sighed
And thus I pleased both Lord and Lady Vane.

† Lady Vane published her Memoirs in Peregrine Pickle under the name of Lady Frail.

Monsieur du Belloy a fait une Epigramme admirable sur un chien qui aboyoit les voleurs et qui taisoit entrer sans bruit les amans de sa Maitresse.

Latrate fures excepi, mutus amantes:
Sic placui domino, sic placui domine.

On Miss Linley's returning to Richmond.

The fatal groves, sad echo cries,
You're fair Eliza's choice:
The dying swains accuse her eyes,
The nightingales her voice.

A well known [illegible] [corrected] [illegible]

[illegible] soul,
[illegible] but nothing in the whole
He comes [illegible] by nature, and by art
With half a [illegible] but quite his heart,
Half cowardice half courage to dispense
Half modesty, half pride, half wit, half sense.